

mus is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in a summers day; a most louely Gentleman-like man, therefore you must needs play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard, your orange tawne beard, your purple in graine beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French Crownes haue no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our deuises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a btl of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu.

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings. *Exeunt*

A Thus Secundus.

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow at another.

Rob. How now spirit, whether wander you?

*Fai.*ouer hil, ouer dale, through bush, through briar, ouer parke, ouer pale, through flood, through fire, I do wander euerie where, swifter then Moons sphere; And I serue the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs vpon the The Cowslips tall, her perfioners bee, (green.

In their gold coats, spots you see,

Those be Rubies, fairie fauors,

In those freckles, liue their fauors,

I must go seeke some dew drops heere,

And hang a pearle in euery cowslips eare.

Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon,

Our Queene and all her Elues come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Reuels here to night,

Take heed the Queene come nor within his sight,

For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath

A louely boy stolne from an Indian King,

She neuer had so sweet a changeling,

And ielous *Oberon* would haue the childe

Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.

But she (perforce) with-holds the loued boy,

Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.

And now they neuer meete in groue, or greene,

By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,

But they do square, that all their Elues for feare

Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,

Or else you are that shrew'd and knauish spirit

Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,

That frights the maidens of the Villagere,

Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,

And bootlesse make the breathlesse hufwife cherne,

And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,

Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme, Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, You do their worke, and they shall haue good lucke, Are not you hee?

Rob. Thou speak'st aright;

I am that merrie wanderer of the night:

I iest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,

When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,

Neighing in likeness of a silly foale,

And sometime lurke I in a Gossips boile,

In very likeness of a roasted crab:

And when she drinke, against her lips I bob,

And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale.

The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,

Sometime for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,

Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,

And tailour cries, and falls into a coffe.

And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe,

And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and sweare,

A merrier houre was neuer wasted there.

But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*.

Fai. And heere my Mistris:

Would that he were gone.

Enter the King of Fairies at one doore with his traine, and the Queene at another with hers.

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,

Proud *Tytania*.

Qu. What ielous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.

I haue forsworne his bed and companie.

Ob. Tarrerash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?

Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know

When thou wast stolne away from Fairy Land,

And in the shape of *Corin*, sat all day,

Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing loue

To amorous *Philida*. Why art thou heere

Come from the farthest steeps of *India*?

But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*

Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior loue,

To *Theseus* must be Wedded; and you come,

To giue their bed ioy and prosperitie.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*,

Glance at my credite, vwith *Hippolita*?

Knowing I know thy loue to *Theseus*?

Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night

From *Peregina*, whom he rauished?

And make him vwith faire Eagles breake his faith

With *Ariadne*, and *Asiopa*?

Que. These are the forgeries of ielousie,

And neuer since the middle Summers spring

Met vve on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,

By pauced fountaine, or by rushe brooke,

Or in the beached margent of the sea,

To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde,

But vwith thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.

Therefore the Windes, piping to vs in vaine,

As in reuenge, haue suck'd vp from the sea

Contagious foggies: Which falling in the Land,

Hath euerie petty Riuer made so proud,

That they haue ouer-borne their Continents.

The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vaine,

The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne

Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:

The fold stands empty in the drowned field,

And Crows are fatted vwith the murrion flocke,

The nine mens Morris is fill'd vp with mud, And the quaint Mazes in the wanton greene, For lacke of tread are vndistinguishable. The humane mortals want their winter heere, No night is now with hymne or caroll blest; Therefore the Moone (the gouernesse of floods) Pale in her anger, washes all the aire; That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound. And through this distemperature, we see The seasons alter; hoared headed frosts Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose, And on old *Hyems* chinne and Ice crowne, An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds! Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer, The childing Autumne, angry Winter change Their wonted Liueries, and the mazed world, By their increase, now knowes not which is which; And this same progeny of euills, Comes from our debate, from our dissention, We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you, Why should *Tytania* crosse her *Oberon*? I do but beg a little changeling boy, To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest, The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me, His mother was a Votresse of my Order, And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night Full often hath she gossipt by my side, And far with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands, Marking th'embarcked traders on the flood, When we haue laught to see the failes conceiue, And grow big bellied with the wanton winde: Which she with pretty and with swimming gate, Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire) Would imitate, and faile vpon the Land, To fetch me trifles, and returne againe, As from a voyage, rich with merchandize. But she being mortall, of that boy did die, And for her sake I doe reare vp her boy, And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Qu. Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day.

If you will patiently dance in our Round,

And fee our Moone-light reuels, goe with vs;

If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Giue me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:

We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this groue,

Till I torment thee for this injury.

My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest

Since once I sat vpon a promontory,

And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,

Vtering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

That the rude sea grew ciuill at her song,

And certaine starres shot madly from their Sphaeres,

To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puc. I remember.

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)

Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,

Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke

At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,

And loos'd his loue-shaft smartly from his bow,

As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,

But I might see young *Cupid*'s fiery shaft

Quench't in the chaste

And the imperiall

In maiden meditati

Yet markt I where

It fell vpon a little w

Before, milke-white

And maidens call it,

Fetch me that slowe

The iuyce of it, on f

Will make or man o

Vpon the next liue o

Fetch me this hearb

Ere the *Leuiathan* ca

Pucke. Ile put a

minutes.

Ober. Hauing on

Ile watch *Tytania*, w

And drop the liquor

The next thing whe

(Be it on Lyon, Bear

On medling Monke

Shall pursue it,

And ere I take this c

(As I can take it wit

Ile make her render

But who comes heere

And I will ouer-hea

Enter Demetrius

Dem. I loue the

Where is *Lysander*,

The one Ile stay, the

Thou toldst me theye

And heere am I, and

Because I cannot mo

Hence, get thee gon

Hel. You draw n

But yet you draw n

Is true as Steele. Lea

And I shall haue no

Dem. Do I entie

Or rather doe I not

Tell you I doe not,

Hel. And euen fi

I am your spaniell, a

The more you beat

Vfe me but as your

Neglect me, lose me

(Vnworthy as I am)

What worser place

(And yet a place of

Then to be vsed as y

Dem. Tempt no

For I am sicke when

Hel. And I am si

Dem. You doe in

To leaue the City,

Into the hands of o

To trust the opportu

And the ill counsell

With the rich wort

Hel. Your vertu

It is not night whe

Therefore I thinke

Nor doth this woo